

AN HISTORI-
call discourse of y^e life
and death of Doc-
tor Story whi
che was iustly

drawen, han-
ged and
quartered for his tre-
son the second

Ann: of June. *Dyfon*

Seene and allowed
according to the
Queenes Injun-
ctions.

7

Novell...



An nature hide & not disclose
 Can reason cease to tel:
 can Cuntries care oz subiecs
 Let y in silēce dwel. (loue,

Which from the Earth to aery skies,
 By tromp of Fame is tost:
 And sounded out with blasts of Shame,
 Almoste in euery coste:

What monstrous man to nature foe,
 What castiue out of kinde:

What Lathenes this land brought forth,
 What traitor triple blinde.

When as by natiue birth was borne,
 This blood of Balams band:

John Story which with sturdy voice,
 Denied his natiue land.

Whom Nature would he best should loue
 And peld for it his breath:

Which he denied with Quēne and all,
 By treason til his death.

So, no it shall not so be kept,
 In silence from the eares:

Of suche as would hear it at large,
 My hart is void of feares.

And holow quill through christian zeale,
 To Christe to Quēne and land:

Shall peld out lines of true discourse,
 That all may vnderstand.

How all his life this Story spent,
 In false sarmised faith:

Lathenes
 who betray
 ed his Cou
 ntry of Wh
 thus to
 Philippes.

So many yeres by his owne word,
 As this character saith.. (67)
 A pœuilly papist bozne he was,
 And popish Lawes he learned:
 In Popes decrees and all his heart,
 His skil was wel discerned.
 A Doctor of the Ciuillawes,
 That was his blest degre,
 And all his study was no dout,
 The depth therof to see.
 And therby wan in manye time,
 Of popish power such fame:
 To be the Chaunceler of the sex,
 Of London hær by name.
 Before which time how he him self,
 behaved is knowen to those,
 That saw his spite and rage at such,
 As did the trueth disclose.
 And how he did behaue him self.
 Til time did chaunge when as:
 The tole of popish tyrants spite,
 As then it came to passe.
 When as the Sun of gospel shone,
 Theiſt be hem to destroy:
 And theuſh dale then to reuele,
 Bothe vnto lowe and hye.
 At which bright glaunce this Storye lept,
 With many of his cretn,
 In prison fast by deue defart,
 whiche time they gan to rue.

In King
 Edwards
 time.

Storye once
 in prison
 before.

And

And many chaung'd their popish mode,
And double visars wore:

To blere the time and blinde the blinde,
As long they did before.

But Story he from prison brake,
And fled beyond the Seas:

Because he thought t' abide the brunt,
Should smally work his ease.

And there abode til night approcht,
And close by light again:

When as y^e Owles and bats came forth
And whoored in a maine.

This Story of which time is known.
If no y^e would set forth:

In longer lines the truth therof,
because it is much worth.

Among the rest that then apperd,
A moste excellling rage.

This Doctor Story shewd his face,
As light began t' asswage.

And being known of hart to be,
Right of Domicians seed:

Of Neros minde for mercy tried,
And apt their work to speed.

Among the Babylonish rout,
whiche thirsted after blood:

Because his skil in killing Saints,
Might do them mickel good.

Approving of his Romish zeale,
In quenching of their lust:

Story shewd
out of his
son before.

A.iii.

Among

Among the rest that shambles kept,
This Story had the trust.
He was Commissioner admit,
And power he had at wil:
The silly Saints and Lambs of Christo,
By sentence for to kil.
And sure he did his butchers parte,
And swild in blood amain:
From time of his adomission,
Through out Queen Maries reign.
Ramping and rolling in his rage,
at his deer cuntry men:
He high ne low that he might trap,
He spared no man then.
But was the cause of manies death,
No pity had his hart:
But much triumph with scoffing cheer,
T'encrece his bzetherns smart.
He man, ne wife, ne yong ne olde,
He riche ne, poore he spared:
He graue, ne simple were they then,
That he did ought regard.
But betred out his rownish spight,
And bloody tirants breath:
Eche one professing Iesus Christs,
To bring to bitter death.
But yet at last when God beheld,
This tirant with the rest:
And saw their spight and how they had,
His silly Church opprest.

For Abels blood ascended vp,
For vengeance whiche did crye:
God laid his hand and said enough,
My silly flock to crye.
In midst of pride and wrathly force,
Also he cut them down:
And spoile those wolues of their swete
And of their high renowne. (pray,
And then among the rest again,
That were in chynge of time:
Approued bloody murderers,
And all defilde with crime.
This Story was from his estate,
Made captiue in the Tower:
And by desert held there a space,
His fit adozned bo'wer.
To wel I doubt not in that case,
And far unlike his deed:
Whiche made in irons and in gasses,
Gods Lambs to dye for need.
Yet at the last by subtle shift,
He stole and brake away,
And durst not b'be in Brittain land,
Because it was cleere day.
Wherin by light his vgly deeds,
So dark would soon be spied:
And partly fearing dzeded mied,
Whiche he durst not abide.
Who delt so plainly in his time,
While fortunes turnd his wheele:

By heart
of Queens
Woe

Blow it
these away
yet God
catch him

That

That like a sturdy tyrant he,
 Was glad to trust his heels.
 And into Flaunders gan him hie,
 To Louain to his mates:
 Where many a day he led his life,
 With sundry great estates.
 And grew in fauour with the rout,
 Of romish rebelles there,
 Which neither God oz native Prince,
 Nor either lone oz feare.
 And there he got suche grace and glorie,
 Among the romish rout:
 That contries lone and Subjects hatt,
 In him was rote d out.
 He quite forgot his natives soile,
 And England whiche him bred,
 And his deer Queen heer on this earth,
 Next God the supreme head.
 And like a native English man,
 Say like a Bonnet fel,
 More currisly then that Cerberus,
 The triple Dog of hel,
 Whiche rather chose in forain soile,
 To serue a forain King:
 Then heer in his owne native land,
 To let but nature spring.
 He rather chuse to take an oth,
 (A corporall othe he said:)
 To be a Subject true to him,
 And forain Prince to aid.

The source
 of a papist

Not to D.
 Balus he
 said but the
 Earl of the
 king his
 Maister.

The

Then for to serue his native Prince,
 And do his countrie good:
 As reason telles and nature bindes,
 So mad was he and wode.
 His countrie good: nay he deuise,
 All meanes the wise do knowe:
 The publike state of Englands welth,
 In haste to ouerthrowe.
 And was concert with those concerts,
 Of Eleazers sect,
 With rebelles and those ryleffe rout,
 whiche Satan did infect,
 By whiche he wan suche credit yet,
 In forain soil no doubt:
 Whose wozdoly wit and tyrants harte,
 was tried to be so stout,
 That he obtained an office there,
 To many a mans decay:
 Which vnto that same common welth,
 were not a slender stay.
 And then he shewd him self in kinde,
 A Butcher very neat:
 And with ful many faithfull Saints,
 He fully plaid his feat.
 Whether by he purchast losse or praise,
 And welth to his owne purse:
 Though in mean time he purchast sure,
 Gods peoples heauy curse.
 Which duly lighted on his pate,
 In time as God doth vse,

With D:
 Daina, of
 whose coun-
 cel he was
 and his Se-
 cretary as
 it seemed
 by his owne
 confession:
 for he wrot
 a Commis-
 sion into
 Scot land
 by his owne
 confession:
 at the gale
 lowes.

To suche as do his holy lawes,
 And his high name abuse.
 As this false Story did no dout,
 who serued that man of Rome,
 In sinck of all idolatrie,
 I tel but Chyldes dome.
 And as to God he was vniust,
 whiche solde his soule to sin:
 So cruelly and wrong to work,
 All times he did not lin.
 Ye English men, ne Dutche men be,
 Ye French, ne German wight:
 If Iesus Christ they ought profest,
 He put them soon to flight.
 And spoild their gods ful many yet,
 Do feele the bitter smart:
 He wrought to many a mothers Sonne,
 within that Flaunders parte.
 Whose great distresse the Lord heard the
 And graunted their request:
 And wrought this forain traitor, too,
 As he deuilde it best.
 To bring him from his forain fort,
 The Brittain seases along:
 Whiche had in Antwerp to wn commist,
 Suche iniuries and wrong.
 And brought him hær to land again,
 where he wist not to be:
 When famous Countrie was ashamde,
 His traitors face to see.

A iust iudg-
 ment of
 God wher-
 at all trait-
 ors & Pa-
 pists may
 be afraid.

Then

Then from the porte where he arriued,
 And came to court again:
 Though that his hart in Antwerp stul,
 would there haue been fulfain.
 And forth along the Lord him brought,
 From Palace into bower:
 Til at the last he lodged his lust,
 In top of Wolars tower.
 Where he had lodged ful many one,
 with pain and bitter grief:
 When he in slaughter house was set,
 Commissioner with the cheef.
 And so from thence he was remoued,
 And eke preferd at length:
 Unto a place of greater fame,
 And of much greater strength.
 Unto the Tower where he remaind,
 Til suche a day of May: (28)
 Where he receiued his due desert,
 Enfozsed to obay.
 Arraind he was a traitor sure,
 But there to see his grace,
 And how he did behaue him self,
 In such a noble place,
 All England knowes so may I think,
 How stout he was and fel:
 Except it had been Lucifer,
 That then had scape from hel.
 The willes and craftis his life to saue,
 And when all would not be:

When he
 was arrai-
 ned at West-
 minster.

Like no
 English
 man.

B.y.

God

God let him fall into the pit,
 That he could not forsee,
 So fearful is it for a man,
 To tempe the Lord to ire:
 Or for to fall into his hand,
 Whose wrath consumes like fire,
 For thinking for to save him self,
 He quite denied our Quene:
 As though our Brittain land at all,
 This wretch had neuer scene.
 And quite denied him self to be,
 Her Subiect this is true:
 For which his Judgement sentence gaue
 Against him to ensue.
 And worthely was there condemn'd,
 To hang a traitors hight:

Treason is not for religion in one clause,
 no Religio. But for his treason right.

And thence to Tower was he conuaid,
 Til suche a day of June. (2)

When he suffred at
 Giburn. When as the hangman tempred had,
 His instruments in tune,
 But ouer night the day before,

God offereth to sto
 ry his grace He was adiudged to dye:
 Lord how Gods ministers with words,
 Of counsel did him ply:

Story had
 still a stony
 hart. Though little forse the culter had,
 To grate against a stone:
 For sure to say the truerh, of hope
 In him at all was none,

He seemd to taste in deed by fear,
 The wrath of God full bent:
 And seemd in words his former life,
 To sorrow and repent.
 But whether it were don offeare,
 Or faith, iudge they the right,
 That haue of true repentaunce heard,
 And of true faith the might,
 For generall his faith was sure,
 And for his euill race:
 He seemd to wail but for so name,
 That brought him to that case.
 He had no minde as many knowe,
 Yet was he bound in time.
 On herdel thence to go and take,
 The merits of his crime.
 Through London streets all as he lay,
 Fast bound the preachers plied:
 To giue him light but he alas,
 Could not their words abide:
 But close his eyes and secretly,
 Prayed so as he thought best,
 Suche prayers as no doubt had lurt,
 Long in his popish brest.
 At last a godly Preacher said,
 Story confesse thy sin:
 And vnto Christe appeal for grace,
 That he may let thee in.
 Confiteor Deo, beata marie said he,
 Et omnibus sanctis this is true:

As Pharo
did.

Generall a
 historical
 faith dooth
 not saue.

His creat
 against the
 Queene &
 his councey

In Latin.

And

And therfore men may iudge fro whence
Suche frutes do oft ensue:

Yet after that six Preachers spake,
By turnes as time befel:

Whiche of pure loue did seeke his soule,
In Iesus to dwel.

O domine (quod Story then) quot corui,
Circa vnum cadauer?

With many other gibes and scoznes,
That came not of true feare.

I knowe what doth belong (said he)
Vnto my soule and helth:

Befoze the eld of you were bozne,
In any common welth.

Many counceles and sweet wordes,
He did contemne as vile:

Blaming those men that soght his soule,
To saue from Sathans gulle.

And answer made (when any bad,
Him aske at Gods hand grace:

For all his former bloody life,)
Men may suspect your eace:

That are so busy now with me,
Which am with you my foes:

I wil not now dispute with you,
Non hercules quidom (saith he) contraduos

Lord deliuer me (saith he) Ch:ste
Kyd me from these sone:

That snatch at me on euery side,
Like Doggs, would I had don.

Then

Story cal-
leth the pre-
chers that
gaue him
good coun-
sel, Hauers.

Heer was a
spice of his
olde arro-
gantie.

Fides ex
auditu whz
one said so,
I knowe
faith (said
he) & that it
is not ex-
ceptions.

Then nêr appoaching to the place,
where he shoulde end his life:
He was vnloosed from the dail,
Because the pzece was rise.
But as he lay those that pass by,
whom he had once tormentèd:
Forgaue him franchly and with teares,
His heauy losse lamented.
Exhorting him then to be wail,
His former bloody life:
And pray to God by Iesus Christs,
whose mercy til is rise.
Then Misericorde Psalme he said,
In latten wordes not loud.
And so apace he was conuaid,
To gallows through the croud.
About which execution hil.
On horseback were at hand,
Full many noble Councillers,
And nobles of this Land.
Then vp in to the cart went he,
As he did wel deserue:
And spake these wordes before the Hordes,
(In muche I wil not swarue.
I am come hether said he then,
Standing in cart vpright:
God people for to suffer death,
Before you all in sight.
As I haue wel deserved ere now,
In all my wicked waies:

A godly wo
man it was
whom he
checked, say
ing non li
cet mulieri
in congre
gatione lo
qui neque
docere.

For I haue liued a wicked life,
Offending all my dayes.

Therle of
Bedford.

Then said the worthy Carle to him,
Now Story speak thy minde:

And so did maister Pung likewise,
(Pour promise so bath signde,)
I wil (said he and patience craue,)
To satisfy you all:

Of diuers points I haue to say,
As God assist me shall.

And first of this my death I say,
If thousand deaths it were:
I haue deserued it, as my hart
Doth witnes to me here,

But this same night I had suche help,
And godly councel sure,
As vnto toy doth muche my hart,
And silly soule procure.

Here many
had a good
hope of his
true conuer-
sion from
apostasy to
Christe.

Considering my former life,
And also the dark dale:

That hath ben aye with Christe and me
whiche made my countenaunce pale.

And yester night muche made me feare,
When I did beu my care,
And all the wickednes I did,
In running of my race.

These thre score yeres and vy. ell now,
In whiche I haue ben ill:

And sure commit muche wickednes,
I must confesse it ill.

But

But I doe trust that Iesus Christe;
 Hath bought me with his blood:
 And that the merits of his death,
 Shall doe my soule much good.
 And that makes glad my filly hart,
 Believing sure I in deed:
 So soon as I shall leave this life,
 In heauen to be with speed.
 And I am glad that now by these,
 Torments I shall sustain:
 I shalbe rid for ever more,
 From dolor grief and pain.
 That eke my soule shalbe at rest,
 By Christes satisfaction:
 And suffer no pain after this,
 But be in his protection.
 As Dauid saith, though pain a while
 Apper in Euening tide:
 Yet in the morne shall ioy apper,
 As bout at euery side.
 And that doth make me cantare canticum
 In this nocte tribulationis:
 Because that after this my life,
 None other torment is.
 And now of iudgement I haue,
 A truth I wil declare:
 Euen as in heauen his to rest,
 My self I dowpe pare.
 I dare not thinck my iudgement wrong,
 Muche less I dare not say:

I: A p Dapt
 Res in iust
 Aat: and
 satisfaction
 for he ioye
 fully said
 there was
 none other
 mence but
 by Christes
 death. God
 grant all p
 ample igno
 rance to say
 the like of
 knowledge
 Ioye come
 demereth
 Purgatory
 for he said
 so soon as
 the soule
 was out of
 this bodie
 the flesh it
 is iudged
 straight.

He said he That I haue wrongful indgement had,
neuer con- By any kinde of way:
spired, and And then he purged him self at large,
lost & Que- Of my doubts, whiche I
ne, nor Omit committing that to them,
was of cou- That heard it standing by,
necel with Then he declaerd the cause he take,
Genny. To this his death so fast:

Unto his forain othe he made,
As many words him past.

But breely thus he said an oth;
To Philip King of Spain,
I corporally did take, when I
was Student at Louain.

Of which scoule I a member am,
The King hath sworn eke sure
A corporall oth them to maintain,
and their defence procure.

Which so much more emboldened me,
Of conscience for to speake:

Not seeing how I might or could,
Myne othe to him once breake,

And heer apper'd his brutish fact,
To swere against this land:

To which by nature he is bound
For life to fight and stand.

For no man may for any cause,
A bow or couenant make,

Against his countrie in that case,
No man an othe may take.

W. Mart
in iudic.
Gall.

Ful many words he vsed there,
But then he spake thus muche:
At this my death good people heere,
I nought at all do grutch.
O yet at those that me betrayed,
I knowe it was Gods decree:
That he might heere cut of for all,
All sin and vice in me.
I do forgive them from my hart,
and pray for them wil I:
As charitie compelles my minde,
So long as til I dye.
Now for to satisfy you heere,
which looke to hear the same:
I'll speak the trueth in conscience,
As neer as hart can frame.
I am a member of the Church,
The Church catholike I:
Which by vniuersaliti antiquitie & cons-
Is knowen none can deny. (sent
God knowes and men y heard may iudge
If Christes Church he ment:
O is the Church of Rome, his words
were double in assent.
But sith (said he) ful many loke,
I should them satisfy:
In words for that I am suspect,
Of wonders crueltye.
Trueth is I was commissioner then,
But yet the last and least:

These be
not alwyses
the marks
of Christes
Church whi-
the is the
true Churc-
che.

and heere
he said he
was of Pe-
ters ship
which ship
(he said)
had a cock
boat which
boat had
three eyes,
Confession,
Contrition
and Satis-
facion.

in Queene
Maries res

And igne.

And had no power to do ought I,
But by consent of the rest.

His wordes
were like
fagots, if
his byring
had been
more: it
had been
very dangerous.

I chid in deed the ruder sorte,
When they came me besore;
But sure I bit them not at all,
My wordes were onely sore.
I oft perswaded them to turn,
When they accused were:

Of that same heresie which late,
Then might in no wise here,
About the real presence which
I then held and do still:

But oft the Bishop I entice,
By me to rule his wil.

Stoyle an
heretic at
his death.

To burn no more in London heere,
But cease from shedding blood.
For sure I saw that burning them,
Did vs at all no good.

And therein sure he said but trueth,
For Christians dayly growe:

As tiraunts kil and toile them ielous,
The Martirs blood is some.

But heere was cloking of his fautes,
For sure he chid and bit:

Pea. he bit sore when he had power,
His acts are liuing yet.

His wordes to Richard wood wil tel,
His wordes nay twas his deeds:

Which sought in rage to shed his blood,
And that with cruel speed.

John Marne his wife and daughters all
His cruell wil did trye,
And how by wilful spite he sought,
Their fleshes all to fry.
God maister denly his death wil tel,
what crueltie he shewed:
Which to denie at his last breath,
Did proue his minde but lewd.
And lastly (said he) to set forth,
My faith to yung and olde:
I'le tel the trueth before the Lord,
what faith I now doe holde.
And that I say as Ierom said,
eam tenebo fidem vsque ad mortem:
In qua nat'is fuerim,
To death ile holde that faith.
In whiche I first was bozne in deed,
As conscience bindes me straight:
Whiche faith in the catholike Church,
I'le holde vntil I dye:
And this as holy Ierom said,
Our people so say I.
And heer in all men may discern,
what faith he ment at last:
Samely he died a papist blinde,
as all his life was past:
For bozne he was in Papistrie,
And liued a Papists life,

Ecc. 1. 1. 1.
 pag. 1369.

at 1. 1. 1. 1.
 idem. pag. 1.
 1367.

Ierom and
 Story were
 not bozne
 nor liued at
 in our faith

Story died
 moſte igno-
 rat and by
 conſtant in
 Religion.

Story bol-
 dely Ieroms
 woordes but
 not his fa-
 ith.

Now

How see how against his words,
at first he is at strife.

And finally a man may say,

He stood of no sure ground,

His former large confession:

Now seemeth but a sound:

The Lord graunt me to holde that fast,

That Gods word shall me learne:

By hearing and beleuing it,

Christe I may wel discern,

This down the Earle of Bedford, spake

Ful nobly to him tho:

Story dost dye a subiect? (speak,)

To our good Queene or no?

Speak art thou not her subiect? say,

With that he spake again:

To that catholike King I am,

A Subiect this is plain.

Then spake an other noble man,

Ask mercy at her hand:

Ile pray for her that she a Queen

An hundred yeeres may stand.

But art thou not her subiect? speak,

Th'art borne in this her land.

I am (said he with other words,

Which soles haue double scand.

Then said a Preacher to him, speak,

A Protestant dost dye?

Or dyest a Papist let vs knowe,

He said I know not I.

What

What you doe mean, I doe in deed,
in catholike belief:

And so In Manus he cried out,

His prayers were but brief.

The cart went forth and hang he did,

And cut down straight again:

And hauing life restore he felt,

a sharp and bitter pain.

Like Adonibizeke for smart:

For when the knife did prick:

He rose & clight his fist in wrath,

Ful minded for to strike.

And stroue and caught with foot & hand,

And cried, but spake no more.

Til as the knife vnloued his corps,

From navel to the throte.

A fearful end he had God graunt,

all Papists to beware:

And make them to see in time and space,

Before what God they are.

And God saue Quene Elizabeth,

and sharpen yet her sword,

To cut down all that her dispise,

Deriding Gods true word. Amen.

FINIS ¶ Tho. Knel. Ia.

Printed at London at the long shop

adjoyning vnto Saint Mildreds

Church in the Vulture,

by John Alde,

Catholike
belief is vni-
uersal be-
leeif, but true
faith is par-
ticuler and
saith some-
ty on Christ

Syme Debaet Janke

Syme Debaet
Janke

Debaet afonds forson

This beke made in the year of our
Lord 1558

at London the 11th of June

